DIOGENES LANTHORNE.

In *Athens* I seeke for honest men,
But I shall find them God knows when.

Ile search the City, where if I can see
One honest man, he shall go with mee.

LONDON,
¶ Printed by *I. H.* for *Robert Bird*, at the signe of the Bible in Cheape-side, 1628.

¶ Prologue.

AN odde dayes worke *Diogenes* once made,
And 'twas to ſeeke an honeſt man he ſaid:
Through *Athens* with a Candle he did goe,
When People ſaw no cauſe he ſhould doe ſo:
For it was day-light, and the Sunne did ſhine,
Yet he vnto an humour did incline,
To checke mens manners with ſome odde croſſe-ieſt,
Whereof he was continually poſſeſt.
Full of reproofes, where he abuſes found,
And bold to ſpeake his minde, who euer ſound.
He ſpake as free to *Alexanders* face,
As if the meaneſt Plow-man were in place,
'Twas no mans perſon that he did reſpect,
Nor any calling: Vice he durſt detect.
Imagine you doe ſee him walke the ſtreets,
And euery one's a knaue with whom he meets.
Note their deſcription, which good cenſure craues,
Then iudge if he haue cauſe to count them knaues.

Samuel Rowlands.

BRITISH MUSEUM

DIOGENES

in his Lanthorne Humour.

NOw fie vpon ſéeking honeſt men in knaues ſkinnes, I am euen as weary as euer was Platoes dogge. Not a Stréet, Lane, or Alley in all the City of Athens, but I haue trod it, and cannot méet a man worthy the giuing the good morrow to. Why what raſcals are theſe? Haue they banished honeſt men out of the Towne quite? Alas poore Vertue, what haſt thou done to deſerue this contempt? Baſe is thy attire; as thréed-bare is thy apparell, as my gowne: thy company out of requeſt, for thou haſt walked ſo long alone, that thou art euen walked away with thy ſelfe: there is no goodneſſe to be found, all is ſet vpon villanie: Yonder walkes Bribery, taken for an honeſt ſubſtantiall graue Citizen; yea mary is he, pray make him one of your Common Counſell.

There goes Cruelty and Extortion, put off your hats all to him: It is well done, he is one of the principall and beſt in the parith, he hath borne all offices and neuer did good: a moſt abominable rich fellow: But how the Deuill came he by his wealth? Widowes, widowes, three or foure old ruſty Gold-getting widowes haue crowned

him with their wealths, and that wicked Mammon is dearer to him than his owne soule: Nay, if he had five thousand soules, he would sell them all for five thousand Duckets of gold.

Stay, let mée sée, what is he? O, tis Prodigalitie and his whore, a Gentleman and a Gentlewoman, they are walking towards the suburbs to a bawdy house for their recreation. Ponder rides the Bawd in her Coach before, and they two come leisurely (with the por) behinde, but will all met together anon, to make worke for the Chirurgion, who will answer their lose bodies with the Squirt.

Now Ile assure you, though I laugh but seldome, I must needs make merry with yonder Asse: why hee is trapt for all the world like Alexanders horse, such a feather in his head, so begarded, and the very same trot: I haue knowne his father well, hée was a most grave Senator (in regard of his gray beard) and did much little good in the Citie, got wealth, and piled vp gold euen as they pile vp Stocke-fish in Island, and now his sonne (the second part of a sole) has all: All! marry, what doth he with it? Stay, let mée snuffe my candle, and Ile tell you presently; Euen like one of Signieur Scatter goods Politicians, he diuides into parts: A great portion for Dicing, a great summe for Drinking; a parcell for Whoring; a moytie for Pride, a third for Daunting, six shares and an halfe for Swaggering, and all the remainder for Beggerie. Walke along Knaue, walke along.

Who haue wée next comes créeping with the paulsie in his ioynts, a great leather pouch by his side, as large as a Gammon of Bacon, long stockings, and a side coat, crosse-barred with velvet to his knées: Stay, light, light, let mée sée; Oh I know the damned slaue, tis Monsieur Vsurie, what a leane, lanke, thinne gut it is: hée lookes marueilous like a long empty Cats skinne purse: I would

would I had his skinne to make mée a Summer paire of buskins.

O what a blessednesse it is to mée, that I neuer came into such a villaines clutches! What! does he pray as he goes, his chaps walke so fast? No, the Rogue is ruminating vpon his pawnes, he chawes the Cud in contemplation of Bonds and Bills: I dare be sworne hee neuer champs so much vpon his dinner or supper, for his panch cries out on him, and all the guts in his pudding-house rumble, and grumble at their slender allowance. He obiects the old Prouerbe to his belly, Many a Sacke is tied vp before it be full. I would I had the dieting of him some moneth with my rots, I would send him deeper vnder the ground than ere they grew, the Canniball should neuer fed more vpon poore men, and play the Dice-maker with their bones: hang him Rogue, hang him.

How now, thou drunken knaue, canst not see but to reele vpon mée? I would I had beene ware of thee, thou shouldst haue borne mee a good bang with my staffe: what slaue is this? As I liue I was almost downe.

Looke how his cloake hangs, one side to his ankles, and the other side to his elbow: his steps take the Longitude and the Latitude: Hoise, hoise: This fellow is now (in his owne conceit) mightily strong, for hee dareth fight with any man: hee is exceeding rich, scorneth money, and cares not for twenty thousand pounds: he is marueilous wise; and tut, tell not him, for he knowes more than any man whatsoeuer. What is he that dares refuse to pledge him? As sure as death, if he could feele or finde his dagger, slabs would be dealt: Hearke how the villaine sweares; there is all his Posselle hath in pawne for his score: yet hee is a passing good Customer for liberance, about a barrell a day goes downe his gutter. So, take him in there at the red Lattice: he has cast Anchor at the blue Anchor for this day. I will him of

the beſt, for he is one of the beſt gueſts that euer toke by ſodden water with chalke credit on a poſt. Out vpon him, out vpon him: Ile reade his deſtinie: Die in a ditch, knaue, or end in an Hoſpitall, Raſcall, chuſe whether thou wilt.

How lookes yonder fellow? What is the matter with him trow? Haz a eaten Bull beefe? There is a loftie ſlaue indæd, he is in the Altitudes: Oh iſt your Maſter Ambition? I would be glad to ſée you hanged a while for an old acquaintance: a great man with the Emperour, Ile aſſure you a great man with the Emperour: his voice is heard in the Court now, and his fathers voice was accuſtomed to be heard in the City; for I haue heard him many time and often cry Brwmes in Athens: a god plaine honeſt man, and dealt much with old ſhoes. I heard him once tell this proud knaue, being then a boy, a good diſcourſe of Iuſtice out of a Brwme. Sirra (ſaid he) here is Birch to correct you in childhood, and when you grow to be a great lubber, here is a ſtaffe to belabour you with. If that will not ſerue to amend you, why then heres a good Wyth to hang you vp. Amen, ſaid I, he is growing to it apace; aſpiring to riſe high, plotting to become mighty: and what toles hath he out of the Deuils ſhop, to performe this worke? Treaſon, Treaſon, he will aſcend by treaſon, although he climbe the Gallowes for it, and cracke his necke in comming downe againe. If I ſaluts him and put off my cap, I would my Lanthorne were in my belly. Vertue ſcornes him, I know him not: ſtrout along ſirra, for thou haſt not long to ſtrout it.

More knaues abroad yet? Yonder is Boaſting and Preſumption: I hold my life, as old as I am, Ile take his Rapier from him with my walking ſtaffe: he is all ſound and breath, tongue and talke, feareth no man, careth for no man, beholding to none: but trie his valour, put him to it, ſée what is in him, dare him to the proofe, and there

is

is mine empty fellow like a water bubble flying in the aire till a puffe cracke him: I neuer knew (ſince I knew reaſon) a wordy fellow proue a worthy fellow: a man muſt ſet his hand to his manhood, and finger it, it will not be had with wounds and bloud, heart and nailes, as euery raſcally knaue maketh account. When two currs meet, all the while they barke they haue no leiſure to bite. Alexander had a bragging ſouldier, that ſwore he had killed fiue hundred men with fillips: yet this fellow ſwore the peace againſt a woman that had broken his head with his owne dagger. And the other day I followed a couple of notorious braggers into the field: one ſwore he would imbrue his Rapiers hilts in the bowels of his foe, the other bowed to make him eat Iron and Steele like an Oſtridge. When they came to the place appointed, both drew their weapons, laid them preſently downe, and fell to buffets for a bloudie noſe; which I eſpying, ran to the Towne, and cried, Murder, murder, and ſo brought three hundred people together to laugh at them. I could tell many like examples of Seignior Feather-Cap and his fellow, but that I eſpie another Knaue comming that puts me out.

It is Contention, (nay Ile goe low enough to the kennell, thou ſhalt not iuſtle me for the wall) looke how he ſtares, ſee how a frowns: he has had a poore man in Law theſe three yeeres, for bidding his dogge, Come out Cuckolds Curre: yet if the dogge could ſpeake he would beare witneſſe againſt his Maſter, for Horne-wreke that he had ſeene wrought by his Miſtris in her Chamber to make her Huſband night-caps of.

Oh ſtrife is the ſumme of his deſires, it is the ſolace of his ſoule, he is neuer well at hearts eaſe, if he be not wrangling with one or other: Ile trie it by the Law (ſayes he) the Law ſhall iudge it: Ile come to no agreement but Law; Ile pinch him by the Law; I haue a hundred pound to ſpend at Law: and all Law, Law; yet he

himſelfe

himselfe is altogether void of equitie, he will neither take wrong, nor doe right; bites his poore neighbour doggedly by the backe, scornes his superiour, tramples vpon his inferiour; and so he may be wrangling, cares not with whom it be, to keepe his hand in vre. He neuer went to bed in charitie in his life, nor neuer walkes without meditating shrewd tornes. Oh! he loues wonderfully to be feeding vpon the bread of strife, and imitateth the Camels which delight to drinke in troubled poles. Well, he shall ioyne no neighbourhod with mé for it: my Cunne stands farre enough off from his house: I had rather haue a Beare to my next neighbour, than such a brabling Rascall: Goe walke a knaue in the horse Faire, I haue nothing to say to thée, but farewell and be hanged: and when thou art going that iourney, take all thy fellowes with thée.

Well met, or rather, Ill met Hypocrisie: Ah thou smoth faced villaine with thy fawning tongue, art thou become a Citizen too? Then looke about you plaine fellowes, you shall be sure to want no deceit: he hateth swearing, so doe I: it is well done to hate it; but he loues lying, and will ouer-reach you in a bad bargaine, or with false weight and measure; Yes indeed, I truly will he. He will sigh, and say, theres no conscience now adayes, and then makes his owne actions beare witnesse to it, by yea and nay; if he can he will deceiue you.

Looke to his hands, hearken not to his tongue, and say I haue giuen you faire warning, for a Philosopher hath béene cousened by him; and had rather haue it said, Diogenes was deceiued, than to heare it reported, he is a deceiuer. I paid for a better cap than I weare, and my gowne is scarce worth halfe the money it cost mee: marry what remedie? Nothing. I haue learned by it onely, A knacke to know a knaue: and while I liue, I will looke better to it: Yes truly, and I indeed: Hypocrisie shall neuer sell mee good words againe, while he liueth. Ile

neuer

neuer buy breath more for money. If a theefe should méet mé in going home, and take away my purse, I would say I méet with an honester man than he that cousened mé in the buying of my gowne: for the theefe would proue a man of his word, and tell mé what I should trust to, in the peremptory termes of, Stand, Deliuer your purse.

But my Gowne-brother promised mee good stuffe, Truly, a great penny-worth indeed, and Verily did gull mee. But let mee take my leaue of my purse, he is a villaine, an arrant villaine, and I could euen finde in my heart to eat his liuer fried with parsley to morrow morning to breakfast.

How now! whats the matter? whither goes all this hurly burly? Here's a Cutter indeed. Now I see, now I see Cousenage the Swaggerer is carried to prison. I heare the people say he hath stabbed the Constable, beat the Watch, broke the Mayters head, and lien with his Mistresse.

Here is no villaine: I pray search his pocket: I told you as much; false heart, false hand, and false dice. What crooked tooles are these in his other pocket? Pick-locks, Pick-locks: this fellow liues by his wits, but yet belongs not to Wits Common-wealth: he sweares he is a Gentleman, but of what house? Parry of Cheaters Ordinary; an ingenious slaue, that workes a liuing out of hard bones, and has it at his fingers ends: euery man with him is a very Rogue, and a base Gull: he threatens stabs and death, with heart, wounds, and blood; yet a bloody nose hath made him call for a Chirurgian. Hee seemes to dwell in a suit of apparell a weeke: this day in sattin, to morrow in sack cloth; one day all new, the next day all seame-rent; now on his backe, anon at the Brokers: and this by his reckoning is a Gentlemans humour. Sure I cannot deny but it may be so: but I pray then, what humour is the Gentleman in? Hee is neuer

(in my opinion) like to proue Gentleman by the humour.

Away with him, away with him, make sure worke, chaine and kennell him vp in Gaole, make him a knight of the dolorous Castle.

He will doe farre better tied vp, than loose at libertie: let him not play the wandring Pilgrim in any case: there is no remedy for such wilde fellowes, but to tame them in a dungeon of darknesse; follow him close, watchmen, with your halberts, lest he shew you a new dance called Run-aways Galliard. So, so, by this time hee lies where he is like to proue lousie, if there be not some speedie remedie vsed, with a medicine made of Hempseed to kill the itch.

Who haue wee next pray? I should know him by his villainous scurvy lookes, he makes a wry mouth, and has a grinning countenance, for all the world like Detraction: why it is he indeed, a rope stretch him, has not the Crowes pickt out his eyes yet? See how he laughs to himselfe at yonder plaine Gentlewoman in the old fashion, because shee has not the trash and trumpery of Mistris Loose-legs about her.

Most thou deride Ciuilitie, knaue? is decencie become ridiculous? looke vpon thy selfe, thou rascall, looke vpon thy selfe, whom all the wise men in the world may laugh to scorne indeed.

Thou hast nothing in thee (if thy inside were turned outward) worthy of the least commendation, and yet such villaines will euer be scoffing, deriding, and detracting from those of the best spirits and worthiest endeauours: Learned mens workes, industrious mens trauels, graue mens counsels, famous mens vertues, and wise mens acts, Detraction will spit venome at; nothing is well done that floweth not from his dusty inuention: he scoffes at them he knoweth not, and iests at them he neuer saw. What a world is this, when a fole shall censure a Philosopher? A dolt, an idiot, one that hath wit in

his

his héele and head alike, to condemne and depraue Natures miracles for wit and wisdome!

This is he that can mend euery thing that is ready made to his hand, detracting from the worthinesse of euery mans worke: tis a villaine, a right villaine bred & borne: He came not long since along by my Tub-house, and scoffing at mee, asked mée wherefore I made it not a Tap-house: Marry (quoth I) I haue determined so to doe, but I want such a Rogue as thou art to make mee a Signe of. With that he called mee dogge. Said I, Thou didst neuer heare mee barke, but thou shalt feele mee bite, and so I thrust my pike staffe thorow his cheekes, that I made his teeth chatter in his head like a Viper as he is.

Nay then wee shall neuer haue done, looke where Iealousie is, as yellow as if he had the yellow Iaundise: his wife is an honest woman (in my conscience) loyall and true in wedlocke, but because he (like a fornicating rascall) vseth common Curtezans, he thinkes her courtesies and theirs are all alike to euery man, come who will. His eyes follow her feet whersoeuer she goeth: if any friend chance to salute her, she dares not reply, but must passe by stranger like, without any shew of courtesie: he sweares shee is a whore, and himselfe a large horned cuckold, able to runne full butt with all the cuckolds in the Towne.

Nay hee is growne to such outrage, that hee is euen frantike with Iealousie, sometimes profering to lay wagers, that no Bull dares encounter with his head, and that his hornes are more precious than any Vnicorne. The Haberdasher cannot fit him with a hat wide enough: the Barber cannot trim his forehead close enough; and yet the Por hath made his beard thinne enough. He sayes, he thinkes there's not an honest woman in Athens, to his knowledge; and the reason is, he is familiar with none but whores. A bawdy house is for his bodily exercise, and hee cannot liue without

his lechery: he hath whores of all complexions, whores of all sizes, and whores of all diseases: and this is the cause that the villanous fellow deemes all to be whores. But mockers, marke the end of him that hath beene laid fiue times of the Pox; if he be not thoroughly Frenchified, and well prepared for his Penery, then will I for seuen yeeres eat hay with the horse. Well, Ile crosse the way to the other side of the street, before he come neere mee: I dare not endure him, tis good sleeping in a sound skin: I would not be in his coat for Alexanders rich Godone. Out stinking knaue, out, hold off thy Cart, knaue, wilt ouer-run mee? Thy horse hath more honestie in him than thou, for he auoids mee, and thou drawest vpon mee. So villaine, so, curse the creature that gets thy liuing, and see how thou shalt thriue by it. Thou blinde knaue Porter, doest rush vpon mee with thy basket, and thou sayest, By your leaue? Wilt thou meanest to iuckle mee againe; thou didst aske no leaue the first time before hand. What brutish slaues doe I meet with? My staffe shall meet with some of you anon. Take thou that, knaue, for crying hromes so lond in mine eares: Heres a quoile indeed, your City shuffings, rumbling and tumbling, is not for my humour. What a filthy throat hath that Oyster-wife? I thinke it will ecchо in my braine-pan this houre. This is the raging street of out-cries; Ile out-walke it with all the speed I can.

Hitherto haue I met with neuer an honest man: Well, Ile burne out my candles end, and then make an end, and get mee home. So, that is good to beginne withall. Had your street neuer a knaue to encounter my first entrance, but Discord? Malum Omen, Malum Omen: This is he that setteth Countries and Kingdomes together by the eares, breedeth Cities mutinies, and domesticall contentions, Prince against Prince, Nation against Nation, kindred, neighbour, friend, all at variance.

This

This is hee that calls Peace with her Palme-tree, Ill Pulwife, and founds defiance thorowout the whole world. You are wronged (fayes hee) put not by such a vile indignitie: this disgrace no manhood can endure; your valour and reputation is in state of prejudice, tis wounded by such a one, and you cannot in any wise put it by, for the whole world takes notice of it, and all men will censure you.

This is the Rascall that made mee fall out with Plato, call him proud fellow, and trample upon his bed, because it was somewhat handsomer and better decked than mine. In all his life time (and Ile assure you tis an old, gray, leane, drie, rotten-boned villaine) did he never shew cheerefull countenance, but at the sight of some mischiefe: he would rather bite his tongue thorow, than bid any man good morrow. So, so, now it workes: hees got amongst a crue of scolding Fish-wives; off goes her head attire; base at the others throat; to her greene waste-coat. Why now it workes like war.

Thrust in, Cut-purse, for theres good pennyworths to be had amongst them: the Trade is like to be quicke by and by. Customers, come apace, make a privy search without a Constable. Ile stay no longer with you, a rope rid you all. Now fie upon thee, filthy knave, when didst thou wash thy face? Heres Sloth right in his kinde: the hat he weares all day, at night becommeth his Night-cap; his Frize Gowne Skonce, wherein hee intrenches himselfe, is at least thirty thousand strong. Garter thy hose, beast, garter thy hose: or will the Poet endure no garter?

This fellow, I remember, comming to a Figge tree, being so extremely lazy that he could not stretch his arme out to gather any, laid himselfe downe upon his backe, and gaping, cried,

Sweet Figgs, drop downe in yeelding wise,
For Lazy will not let mee rise.

This is he that riseth late, and goes early to bed; by to eat, and downe to sleepe; scornes to labour, (for he is as ioynted as an Elephant) and rather than hee would endure halfe an houres labour, he would willingly chuse a whole houres hanging: I know no vse in the world for him, except to keepe the City bread from moulding, and the Towne liquor from sowring.

This is he that lying at ease vpon his backe, where a Cart was to passe, intreated the Carman to draw easie ouer him, for he could not rise yet, till his lazie fit was past. This is he that could rather be lousie, than endure to haue his shirt washed; and had rather goe to bed in hose and shoes, than stoope to put them off. He is fitted with a wife euen part of his owne humour: for tother day, heating broth for her husbands breakfast, the Cat cried Mew, in the porredge pot: Wife (said he) take out poore Puss; alas, how came she there? With that she takes out the Cat by the eare, and stroking off the porredge from her into the pot, they two went lovingly to breakfast with it.

A shame take them both, for all thy companions, for their broth is abhominable. Why! then we shall neuer haue done; here is hell broke loose, swarming together: Derision, he goes before, scoffes euery man he meeteth.

Dost laugh at my Lanthorne, knaue, because I vse candle-light by day? Why villaine, it is to seeke (such as you will neuer be) Honest men.

Violence, he walkes with him: he will doe iniurie to his owne father, if he can: All that he weareth on his backe, and all that he puts in his belly, is got by oppression, wrong, and crueltie; he careth not how he gets it, so he get it; nor from whence he take it, so he haue it.

Ingratitude makes one in this consort, an inhumane and vncivill sauage: if a man should doe him a thousand good turnes in a day, he would neuer giue him a thousand good words in a yeare for them.

Impatience

Impatience is another of their fraternitie, a raging knaue, an vnquiet turbulent rogue, heele allow times for nothing, all is at a minutes warning that he calls for, or he will rage, raile, curse, and sweare, that a wise man would not for ten pound be within ten miles of him.

Who is the other? Hold vp thy head knaue.

O, tis Dulnesse, the most notorious blockhead that euer pissed: instruct him till your tongue ake, he hath no eares for you: theres nothing in him but the Asses vertue, thats dull melancholy: How lumpish a lookes! But Rascals, out, now a murren take you all: I did neuer make a worse dayes worke in my life, than I haue done to day: Here is a City well blest, is well prouided, I warrant you. If a man should need an honest mans help, where should he finde him? Well, farewell Athens, I and my Tub scorne thee and thy Citizens.

Diogenes lost labour.

PHilosopher, thy labour is in vaine:
Put out thy Candle, get thee home againe.
If company of honest men thou lacke,
They are so scarce, thou must alone goe packe:
But if you please to take some knaues along,
Giue but a becke, and store will flocke and throng.
He that did vomit out his house and land,
Euen with a winke will ready come at hand:
And he of whom thou didst ten shillings craue,
And thinking nere againe his almes to haue,
Because he was so prodigall in waste,
And to vndoe himselfe made wondrous haste,
If thou hadst roome to stoe him in thy Tun,
He will be ready both to goe and run:
Or those same drunken Fidlers thou didst finde
A tuning wood when they themselues were blinde,
Whom thou didst with thy staffe belabour well,

Theyle

Theyle ſing about the Tub where thou doſt dwell.
All thoſe that were preſented to thy ſight,
When thou ſought'ſt honeſt men by candle light,
Make a ſtep backe, they in the City be,
With many hundreds which thou didſt not ſee:
Houſes of Raſcals, ſhops euen full of Knaues,
Taueme and Ale-houſe fild with drunken ſlaues:
Your Ordinaries and your common Innes,
Are whole-ſale-ware-houſes of common ſinnes.
Into a Bawdy houſe thou didſt not looke,
Nor any notice of their capring rooke.
Bawds with their Punks, and Panders with their Straps,
Whores with their feathers in their veluet caps,
Thoſe *Salamanders* that doe bathe in fire,
And make a trade of burning lafts deſire,
That doe ſalute them whom they entertaine,
With, *A pox take you till we meet againe:*
Nor they which daily Nouices doe intice,
To lend them money vpon cheating dice;
And in the bowling-allies tooke with betting,
By three, and foure to one, moſt baſely getting:
All theſe vnſeene appeare not to thy face,
With many a Cut-purſe in the marker-place,
That ſearches pockets being ſiluer-linde,
If counterfets about men he can finde,
And hath Commiſſion for it ſo to deale,
Vnder the Hang-mans warrant, hand and ſeale;
Innumerable ſuch I could repeat,
That vſe the craft of Cony-catch and cheat,
The Cities vermine, worſe than Rats and Mice:
But leaue the Actors to reward of vice.
He that reproues it, ſhewes a deteſtation;
He that corrects it, workes a reformation.
Who doe more wrongs and iniuries abide,
Than honeſt men that beſt are qualifide?
They that doe offer leaſt abuſe to any,

Muſt

Muſt be prepared for enduring many.
But here's the comfort vertuous men do finde,
Their Hell is firſt, their Heauen is behinde.

Diogenes Morall.

A Cocke ſtood crowing proud,
Faſt by a Riuers ſide:
A Gooſe in water hiſt at him,
And did him much deride.
The Cocke in choler grew,
Vowing by him that made him,
That he would fight with that baſe Gooſe,
Though all his Hens diſwade him.
Come but a ſhore (quoth he)
White liuer, if thou dare,
And thou ſhalt ſée a bloudy day,
Thy throat ſhall ſome be bare.
Baſe Crauen (ſaid the Gooſe)
I ſcorne to beare the minde,
To come aſhore amongſt a crue
Of ſcraping dung-hill kinde:
Thy Hens will backe thée there,
Come hither chaunting ſlaue,
And in the water hand to hand
A combat wée will haue:
Here's none to interrupt,
I challenge thée come here;
If there be valour in thy Combe,
Why let it now appeare.
Enter the watry field,
Ile ſpoile thy crowing quite:
Why, boaſt not, come; O now I ſée
Thou haſt no heart to fight.
There was no want in him,
But ſure the water was ſo bad,
It would not let him ſwim.

Morall.

IT happens alwayes thus,
When cowards doe contend,
With wrangling words they doe begin,
And with those weapons end.
Nothing but vaunts are vsde,
Till triall should be made:
And when they come to action,
Each of other are afraid:
Then, for to keepe skins whole,
It is a common vse,
To enter into some drunken league,
Or make a Cowards excuse.

A Great assembly met of Mice,
Who with themselues did take aduice,
What plot by policie to shape,
How they the bloudy Cats might scape:
At length a graue and ancient Mouse
(Belike the wisest in the house)
Gaue counsell (which they all lik'd well)
That euery Cat should beare a bell:
For so (quoth he) wee shall them heare,
And flie the danger which wee feare:
If wee but heare a bell to ting,
At eating cheese or any thing,
When wee are busie with the nip,
Into a hole wee straight may skip.
This aboue all they liked best:
But quoth one Mouse vnto the rest,
Which of vs all dare be so stout,
To hang the bell Cats necks about:
If here be any, let him speake.
Then all replide; Wee are too weake:
The stoutest Mouse, and tallest Rat,
Doe tremble at a grim-fac'd Cat.

Morall.

Morall.

THus fares it with the weake,
Whom mighty men doe wrong,
They, by complaint, may wish redresse,
But none of force so strong,
To worke their owne content,
For euery one doth feare,
Where Crueltie doth make abode,
To come in presence there.

THe Owle being weary of the night,
Would progresse in the Sunne,
To see the little birds delight,
And what by them was done:
But comming to a stately grone,
Whereas proud Summers season strone
Most beauteous to be seene,
Ye lights no soner on a tree
That Summers liuery weares,
But all the little birds that be,
Were flock'd about his eares.
Such wondring and such noise they kept,
Such crying, and such weeping,
The Owle for anger could haue wept,
Had not shame hindred weeping.
At length he made a solemne vow,
An Owle of me you make,
But ere to morrow light appeare,
In dawning of the East,
Fiue hundred of you that are here
I will dispatch at least:
If that I crush you not most rare,
Why then Ioue let me die:

A Titmouſe I will not ſpare,
Nor the leaſt Wren doth flie.
And ſo at night when all was huſh,
The Owle, with furious minde,
Did ſearch and pry in every buſh,
With ſight when they were blinde.
Wherein their bones and fleſh did breake,
Their feathers flew in th'aire,
And cruelly with bloudy beake
Thoſe little creatures tare.
Now am I well reueng'd (quoth he)
For that which I haue done,
And quitted all my wrongs by Mone,
Were offered in the Sunne.

Morall.

GAinſt mighty ones the weake of ſtrength
May not themſelues oppoſe:
For if they doe, 'twill proue at length,
To wall the weakeſt goes.
The little ſhrubs muſt not contend
Againſt the taller trees:
Nor meaner ſort ſeeke to offend
Their betters in degrees:
For though amongſt their owne conſorts
Superiours they deride,
And wrong them much with falſe reports,
At length Time turnes the Tide,
Then comes a change, the wiles they wrought,
In ſelfe conceit though good,
May be in th'end too dearly bought,
Euen with the price of bloud.

A Cobler kept a ſcurvy Crow,
A bird of baſeſt kinde;

And

And paines enough he did bestow,
To worke her to his minde.
At length he taught her very well,
To speake out very loud,
God saue the King; and truth to tell,
The Cobler then grew proud:
She was too good to hop about
Upon his old shoe stall,
But he vnto the Court would strout,
His Bird should put downe all
Their painted Parrats: so he went
To Cæsar with Jack-daw,
And said to him, he did present
Best bird that ere he saw.
The Monarch gracious minde did shew
For Coblers poore good will,
And made a Courtier of the Crow,
Where he remaind, vntill
He standing in a window, spide
His fellowes flie along,
And knew the language which they cride
Was his owne mother song:
Away goes he the way they went,
And all together flie,
A poore dead horse to teare and rent,
That in a ditch did lie:
When they had shar'd him to the bone,
Not a Crowes mouthfull left,
To a Corne field they flie each one,
And there they fall to theft.
This like the Coblers Crow did chuse,
Picks liuing out of straw,
And Courtly diet did refuse,
Euen like a foolish Daw.

Morall.

HE that from baſeneſſe doth deriue
The roote of his deſcent,
And by preferment chance to thriue,
The way that Iack-Daw went,
Whether in Court or Common-wealth,
In City or in Towne,
How ere he pledge good fortunes health,
Heele liue and die a clowne.
Dawes will be Dawes, though grac'd in Court,
Crowes will be carraine ſtill:
Like euer vnto like reſort,
The bad embrace the ill:
And though euen from a Coblers ſtall
He purchaſe land, what then?
With Coblers hee'll conuerſe withall,
Rather than better men.

THe Lion in an humour once,
As with his pleaſure ſtood,
Commanded that on paine of death
Horn'd beaſts ſhould void the wood:
For any one to tarry there,
That had an armed head.
This was no ſooner publiſhed,
But many hundreds fled:
The Hart, the Bucke, the Vnicorne,
Ramme, Bull, and Goat conſent,
With haſte poſt-haſte to run away,
Their dangers to preuent.
With this ſame crew of horned kinde,
That were perplexed ſo,
A beaſt conſorts, vpon whoſe head
Only a weenne doth grow.

The

The Fox met him, and said, Thou fole,
Why whither dost thou run?
Marry (quoth he) to saue my life:
Hearst thou not what is done?
Horn'd creatures all haue banishment,
And must auoid the place:
For they are charg'd vpon their liues,
Euen by the Lions grace.
True, said the Fox, I know it well,
But what is that to thée?
Thou hast no horne, thy wem is fleth,
'Tis euident to sée.
I grant, quoth he, 'tis so indeed,
Yet ne'rtheleſſe Ile flie;
For if't be taken for a horne,
Pray, in what case am I?
Sure (said the Fox) 'tis wisely done,
I blame thée not in this:
For many wrongs are daily wrought,
By taking things amiſſe.

Morall.

WIſe men will euer doubt the worſt,
In that they take in hand,
And seeke that free from all ſuſpect
They may ſecurely ſtand,
Remouing euery leaſt offence,
That may a danger breed;
For when a man is in a pit,
It is too late, take heed.
If mighty men doe cenſure wrong,
How ſhould the weake reſiſt?
It is vaine to contend with him
That can doe what he liſt.
The beſt and moſt repoſed life,

That

That any man can finde,
Is this, to keepe a conscience free
From spotted guilty minde.

A Sauage creature chanc'd to come
Where ciuill people dwelt,
Whom they did kindly entertaine,
And courteous with him dealt:
They fed him with their choicest fare,
To make his welcome knowne,
And diuers wayes their humane loue
Was to the wilde man showne.
At length the weather being cold,
One of them blew his nailes:
The Sauage asked why he did,
And what his fingers ailes?
Marry (quoth he) I make them warme,
That are both cold and numme:
And so they set them downe to bord,
For supper time was come.
The man that blew his nailes before,
Vpon his broth did blow:
Friend, saies the Sauage, what means this,
I pray thee let me know?
My broth (said he) is ouer-hot,
And I doe coole it thus.
Farewell (quoth he) this deed of thine
For euer parteth vs.
Hast thou a breath blowes hot and cold,
Euen at thy wish and will?
I am not for thy company,
Pray keepe thy supper still,
And heat thy hands, and coole thy broth,
As I haue seene thee doe:
Such double dealers as thy selfe
I haue no minde vnto,

But

But will returne vnto the woods,
Where I before had beene,
Resoluing, euery double tongue
Hath hollow heart within.

Morall.

AHeedfull care wee ought to haue,
When wee doe friends elect;
The pleasing gesture and good words
Wee are not to respect:
For courteous carriage oftentimes
May haue an ill intent,
And words may graceless proue,
Without the hearts consent.
Let all auoid a double tongue,
For in it theres no trust;
And banish such the company
Of honest men meane iust.
A counterfeits societie
Is neuer free from danger;
And that man liues a happy life,
Can liue to such a stranger.

WHen winters rage and cruell stormes
Of euery pleasant tree
Had made the boughs starke naked all,
As bare as bare might be;
And not a flower left in field,
Nor greene on bush or brier,
But all was robd in piteous plight
Of Summers rich attire;
The Grashopper in great distresse,
Vnto the Ant did come,
And said, Deare friend, I pine for food,
I pray thee giue mee some:
Thou art not in extremes with mee,

I know thine euer care
For winters want, hard and diſtreſſe,
In Summer doth prepare.
Know'ſt thou my care, repli'd the Ant,
And doſt thou like it well:
Wherefore prouid'ſt thou not the like:
Pray thée Grashopper tell.
Marry (ſaid he) the Summer time
I pleaſantly doe paſſe,
And ſing out ſtill full merrily,
In the delightfull graſſe:
I take no care for time to come,
My minde is on my ſong;
I thinke the glorious Sun-ſhine dayes
Are euerlaſting long.
When thou art hoording vp thy food,
Againſt theſe hungry dayes,
Inclined vnto prouidence,
Pleaſure I only praiſe.
This is the cauſe I come to thée,
To helpe mée with thy ſtore.
Thou art deceiu'd friend, ſaid the Ant,
I laboured not therefore:
Twas not for you I did prouide,
With tedious toilſome paines,
But that my ſelfe of labours paſt
Might haue the future gaines.
Such idle ones muſt buy their wit,
'Tis beſt then dearely bought:
And note this leſſon to your ſhame,
Which by the Ant is taught:
If Summer be your winning time,
When you doe merry make,
Let winter be your weeping time,
When you muſt penance take.

Morall.

Morall.

NEglect not time, for precious time
Is not at thy command;
But in thy youth and able ſtrength,
Giue prouidence thy hand.
Repoſe no truſt in others helpe,
Thou maiſt complaine in want:
But friends will vaniſh all,
They'l heape reproofe vpon thy head,
And tell thy follies paſt;
And all thy acts of negligence,
Euen in thy teeth will caſt.
Thou mightſt haue got, thou mightſt haue gain'd,
And liued like a man:
Thus will they ſpeake, filling thy ſoule
With extreme paſſion than.
Preuent this fooliſh after-wit,
That comes when tis too late;
And truſt not ouer-much to friends,
To helpe thy hard eſtate.
Make youth the Summer of thy life,
And therein loyter not:
And thinke the Winter of old age
Will ſpend what Summer got.

A Luſty begger that was blinde,
But very ſtrong of limme,
Agréed with one was lame of legs,
That he ſhould carry him:
Another was to guide the way,
For he had perfect ſight,
Vpon condition, all they got
Should ſtill be ſhar'd at night:
Now, as they chanc'd to paſſe along,
The Cripple that had eyes,

Sitting vpon the blinde mans backe,
On ground an Oyster spies.
Stoope, take that Oyster vp (quoth he)
That at thy fèet there lies:
And so he did, and put it in
The Scrip which he did weare:
And going on a little way,
Sayes Cripple to the blinde,
Giue mée the Oyster thou tookst vp,
I haue thereto a minde.
Not so, said t'other, by your leaue,
In vaine you doe intreat it;
Surely I kéepe it for my selfe,
And doe intend to eat it.
Ile haue it Sir, the Cripple swore:
Who spide it, thou, or I?
If that I had not séene and spoke,
Thou wouldst haue passed by:
It is no matter, said the blinde,
Thou knowst it might haue lien,
Had I not stoopt and tooke it vp,
Therefore it shall be mine.
And so they hotly fell to words,
And out in choler brake,
With, thou lame rogue, and thou blinde knaue,
Not caring what they spake.
At length it hapned one came by,
And heard them thus contend,
And did intreat them both that he
Might this their discord end.
They yéeld, and say, it shall be so:
Then he enquiring all,
Did heare their league, and how about
An Oyster they did brawle.
Said he, My masters let mée sée
This Oyster makes such strife:

The

The blinde forthwith gaue it to him,
Ye quickly drew his knife,
And opening it, eat vp the same,
Giuing them each a shell;
And said, God fellowes, now be friends,
I haue your fish, farewell.
The beggers both deluded thus,
At their owne folly smilde,
And said, One subtill crafty knaue
Hath two poore fooles beguilde.

Morall.

WHen men for trifles will contend,
And vainly disagree,
That oft for nothing, friend and friend
At daggers drawing be;
When no discretion there is vsde
To qualifie offense,
But reason is by will abusde,
And danger doth incense;
When some in fury seeke their wish,
And some in malice swells,
Perhaps some Lawyer takes the fish,
And leaues his Clients shells:
Then when their folly once appeares,
They ouer-late complaine,
And wish the wit of forgone yeeres
Were now to buy againe.

WIthin a greene, a gallant Greene,
That wore greene Summers sute,
An Ore, an Asse, an Ape, a Fox,
Each other kinde salute,
And louingly, like friends, embrace,
And much good manners vse:

At length the Ore sayes to the Asse,
I pray thée friend, what newes?
The Asse lok'd sad, and thus replide,
No newes at all, quoth he,
But I grow euer discontent,
When I doe mæt with thée.
The Ore lokt strange, and stepping backe,
Quoth he, Deare neighbour Asse,
Haue I wrong'd thée in all my life
Youth full of hay or grasse?
Assure thy selfe, if that I had,
'Twould grieue mée very much.
No, kinde bedfellow, said the Asse,
My meaning is not such:
On Iupiter I doe complaine,
'Tis he wrongs mée alone,
In arming thée with these large hornes,
And I, poore wretch, haue none.
Thou wear'st two weapons on thy head,
Thy body to defend;
Against the stoutest dogge that barkes
Thou boldly dar'st contend:
When I haue nothing but my skin,
With two long foolish eares;
And not the basest Gnse that lines,
My hate or fury feares:
This makes mée sad, and dull, and slow,
And of a heauy pace,
When euery Shepherds scrurvy curre
Doth brawe mæ to my face.
Sure, quoth the Ape, as thou art griev'd,
So I hard dealing finde;
Loke on the Fox, and loke on mée,
Pray view vs well behinde,
And thou wilt sweare, I know thou wilt,
Except thy eye-sight failes,

That

That Nature lack'd a paire of eyes,
When she made both our tailes:
I wonder what her reason was,
To alter thus our shapes;
Theres not a Fox but hath a taile
Would serue a dozen Apes.
Yet wée, thou sée, goe bare-arse all,
For each man to deride;
I tell thée, brother Asse, I blush
To sée my owne backside.
I must endure a thousand iests,
A thousand scoffes and scornes;
Nature deales bad with mée for taile,
And hard with thée for hornes.
With this the ground began to stirre,
And forth a little hole,
A creeping foure-legd creature came,
A thing is call'd a Mole:
Quoth he, My masters I haue heard
What faults you two doe finde,
Bout tailes and hornes, pray looke on mee,
By Nature formed blinde.
You haue no cause thus to complaine
Of your, and your defect,
For vse dame Nature hard with words,
If mee you doe respect:
The things for which you doe complaine,
Are vnto mee denide;
And that with patience I endure,
And more, am blinde beside.

Morall.

WE oft complaine, repine and grudge
At our dislik'd estate,
And deeme our selues (our selues not pleasd)
To be vnfortunate;

None

None mark'd with more extreme than wee,
None plung'd in sorrow so;
When not by thousand parts of want,
Our neighbours griefes wee know.
Most men that haue sufficiencie,
To serue for natures need,
Doe wrong the God of Nature, and
Vngratefully proceed.
They looke on others greater gifts,
And enuiously complaine,
When thousands wanting what they haue,
Contented doe remaine.

THy Astronomer by night did wake,
(He and his Globe together)
Hauing great busines with the Starres,
About the nert yéres weather.
He did examine all the skie,
For tempests, wind, and raine;
And what diseases were to come,
The Planets told him plaine:
The disposition of the Spring,
The state of Summers tide,
The Harueſt-fruit, and Winters frost,
Most plainly he espide.
He did conferre with Iupiter,
Saturne, and all the seuen,
And grew exceeding busie with
Twelue houses of the Heauen.
And while with staring eyes he lookes
What newes the Starres could tell,
Apon the sudden downe he comes
Headlong into a Well.
Helpe then he calls, or else I drowne,
Oh helpe he still did cry,
Vntill it chanst some passengers

Came

Came very early by,
And hearing him, did helpe him out,
In a drowned mouſes caſe:
Then queſtioned with him how he came
In that ſame cold wet place?
Marry (quoth he) I look'd on high,
Not thinking on the ground,
And tumbled in this ſcuruy Well,
Where I had like beene drownd.
Which when they heard, and knew his Art,
They ſmiling ſaid, Friend ſtranger,
Wilt thou foretell things are to come,
And knowſt not preſent danger?
Haſt thou an eye for heauen, and
For earth ſo little wit,
That while thou gazeſt after ſtarres,
To tumble in a pit?
Wilt thou tell (looking o're thy head)
What weather it will be?
And deadly danger at thy foot
Thou haſt no eyes to ſee?
Wee giue no credit to thy Art,
Nor doe eſteeme thee wiſe,
To tumble headlong in a Well,
With gazing in the ſkies.

Morall.

MAny with this Aſtronomer,
Great knowledge will pretend:
Thoſe gifts they haue, their haughtie pride
Will to the skies commend.
Their lookes muſt be aſpiring, for
Ambition aimes on hie:
Fortunes aduancements make them dreame
Of Caſtles in the skie.

But while bewitching vanitie
Deludes them with renowne,
A ſudden alteration with
A vengeance puls them downe:
And then the meaneſt ſort of men,
Whom they doe abiect call,
Will ſtand in ſcorne, and point them out,
And cenſure of their fall.

GReat Alexander came to ſée
My manſion, being a Tunne,
And ſtood directly oppoſite
Betweene mée and the Sunne.
Morrow (quoth he) Philoſopher,
I yéeld thée time of day.
Marry (ſaid I) then Emperour
I pray thée ſtand away,
For thou depriueſt mée of that
Thy power hath not to giue,
Nor all thy mighty fellow Kings
That on Earths fmt-ball liue:
Stand backe, I ſay, and rob mé not,
Nor wrong mee in my right;
The Sunne would ſhine vpon mee, but
Thou tak'ſt away his light.
With this he ſtept aſide from mee,
And ſmiling did intreat
That I would be a Courtier,
For he lik'd my conceit.
Ile haue thy houſe brought nigh my Court,
I like thy being ſo well:
A neighbour very neere to mee
I meane to haue thee dwell.
If thou beſtow that paine (quoth I)
Pray when thy worke is done,
Remoue thy Court, and carry that

A good way from my Tunne.
I care not for thy neighbourhood,
Thy treasure, trash I hold,
And doe esteeme my Lantherne horne
As much as all thy gold.
The costliest chéere that Earth affords,
(Take Sea and Aire to bout)
I make farre lesse account thereof,
Than of a Carret rout.
For all the robes vpon thy backe,
So costly rich and strange,
This plaine poore gowne then sell mée weare
Thréed bare, I will not change.
For all the Pearles and pretious Stones
That are at thy command,
I will not giue this little Booke
That héere is in my hand.
For all the Countries, Cities, Townes,
And Kingdomes thou hast got,
I will not giue this empty Tunne,
For I regard them not.
Nay, if thou wouldst exchange thy Crowne
For this same cap I weare,
Or giue thy Sceptor for my Staffe,
I would not do't, I sweare.
Dost sée this Tub? I tell thée man,
It is my Common-wealth.
Dost sée yon water? 'Tis the wine
Doth kéepe mée sound in health.
Dost sée these roots that grow about
The place of my abode?
These are the dainties which I eat,
My bak'd, my rost, my sod.
Dost sée my simple thréd-bot stoole?
It is my Chaire of State.
Dost sée my poore plaine wooden dish?

It is my siluer plate.
Dost see my wardrop? Then behold
This patched seame-rent gowne.
Dost see yon mat and bull-rushes?
Why th'are my bed of downe.
Thou call'st mee poore and beggerly;
Alas, good carefull King,
When thou art often sighing sad,
I cheerefull sit and sing.
Content dwels not in Palaces,
And Courts of mighty men:
For if it did, assure thy selfe
I would turne Courtier then.
No, Alexander, th'art deceiu'd,
To censure on mee so,
That I my sweet contented life
For troubles will forgoe.
Of a reposed life, tis I
Can make a iust report,
That haue more vertues in my Tun,
Than are in all thy Court.
For what yelds that but vanities,
Ambition, Enuie, Pride,
Oppression, Wrongs, and Crueltie:
Nay, euery thing beside.
These are not for my company,
Ile rather dwell thus odde:
Who euer walkes amongst sharpe thornes,
Had need to goe well shod.
On mighty men I cannot fawne,
Let flatterie crouch and crepe:
The world is naught, and that man's wise,
Least leagus with it doth kepe.
A Crowne is heauy wearing, King,
It makes thy head to ake:
Great Alexander, great accounts

Thy greatneſſe hath to make.
Who ſeeketh reſt, and for the ſame
Doth to thy Court repaire,
Is wiſe like him that in an Egge
Doth ſeeke to finde an Hare.
If thou hadſt all the world thine owne,
That world would not ſuffice:
Thou art an Eagle (mighty man)
And Eagles catch no flies.
I like thee for thy patience well,
Which thou doſt ſhew to heare mee:
Ile teach thee ſomewhat for thy paines,
Draw but a little neere mee.
Some honeſt proverbs that I haue,
Upon thee Ile beſtow:
Thou didſt not come ſo wiſe to mee,
As thou art like to goe.

HE that performes not what he ought,
But doth the ſame neglect,
Let him be ſure not to receiue
The thing he doth expect.

When once the tall and lofty tree
Vnto the ground doth fall,
Why every Peaſant hath an axe
To hew his boughs withall.

He that for Vertue merits well,
And yet doth nothing claime,
A double kinde of recompence
Deſerueth for the ſame.

Acquaint mee but with whom thou goeſt,
And thy companions tell:
I will reſolue thee what thou doeſt,
Whether ill done or well.

He knowes enough that knoweth nought,
If he can ſilence keepe:
The tongue oft makes the heart to ſigh,
The eyes to waile and weepe.

He takes the beſt and choiſeſt courſe,
Of any man doth liue,
That takes good counſell, when his friend
Doth that rich iewell giue.

Good horſe and bad (the Rider ſayes)
Muſt both of them haue ſpurrs:
And he is ſure to riſe with fleas,
That lies and ſleepes with currs.

He that more kindneſſe ſheweth thee,
Than thou art vſde vnto,
Either already hath deceiu'd,
Or ſhortly meanes to doe.

Birds of a feather and a kinde,
Will ſtill together flocke:
H'ad need be very ſtrait himſelfe,
That doth the crooked mocke.

I haue obſerued diuers times,
Of all ſorts old and young,
That he which hath the leſſer heart,
Hath ſtill the bigger tongue.

He thats a bad and wicked man,
Appearing good to th'eye,
May doe thee many thousand wrongs,
Which thou canst neuer spie.

In present want deferre not him,
Which doth thy helpe require:
The water that is farre off fetcht,
Quencheth not neighbours fire.

He that hath money at his will,
Meat, drinke, and leisure takes:
But he that lacks must mend the pace,
Need a good foot-man makes.

He that the office of a friend
Vprightly doth respect,
Must firmly loue his friend profest,
With fault and with defect.

He that enioyes a white horse, and
A faire and dainty wife,
Must needs finde often cause by each
Of discontent and strife.

Chuse thy companions of the good,
Or elle conuerse with none;
Rather than ill accompanied,
Much better be alone.

Watch ouer words, for from thy mouth
There hath much euill sprung:
Its better stumble with thy feet,
Than stumble with thy tongue.

Not outward habit, Vertue 'tis
That doth aduance thy fame:
The golden bridle betters not
A Iade that weares the same.

The greateſt ioyes that euer were,
At length with ſorrow meets:
Taſte hony with thy fingers end,
And ſurfet not on ſweets.

A Lier can doe more than much,
Worke wonders by his lies,
Turne Mountaines into Mole-hils, and
Turne Elephants to flies.

Children that were vnfortunate,
Their parents alwayes praiſe;
And attribute all vnthriftineſſe
Vnto their forgone dayes.

When ſickneſſe enters healths ſtrong hold,
And life begins to yeeld,
Mans fort of fleſh to parley comes,
And death muſt win the field.

The flatterer before thy face
With ſmiling lookes will ſtand,
Preſenting hony in his mouth,
A Raſor in his hand.

The truly noble minded loues,
The baſe and ſeruile feares.
Who euer tels a foole a taſe,
Had need to finde him eares.

To meddle much with idle things,
Would vex a wise mans head:
Tis labour and a weary worke,
To make a dogge his bed.

The worst wheele euer out of the Cart,
Doth yeeld the greatest noise:
Three women make a market,
They haue sufficient voice.

First lease all fooles desire to learne,
With stedfast fixed eyes:
In this, all other Idiots are,
And they exceeding wise.

When once the Lion breathlesse lies,
Whom all the Forest feard,
The very Hares presumptuously
Will pull him by the beard.

Cease not to doe the good thou oughtst,
Though inconuenience grow:
A wise man will not seed-time lose,
For feare of euery Crow.

One man can neuer doe so well,
But some man will him blame:
Tis vaine to seeke to please all men,
Ioue cannot doe the same.

To him that is in misery
Doe not affliction adde:
With sorrow to load sorrowes backe,
Is most extremely bad.

Shew mee good fruit on euill tree,
Or Roſe that growes on Thiſtle:
Ile vndertake at ſight thereof,
To drinke to thee and whiſtle.

Cenſure what conſcience reſts in him,
That ſweares he iuſtice loues:
And yet doth pardon hurtfull Crowes,
To puniſh ſimple Doues.

Theres many that to aske might haue,
But his owne ſilence croſt:
What charge is ſpeech vnto thy tongue?
By asking, pray whats loſt?

He ſerues for nothing, that is iuſt,
And faithfull in his place:
Yet for his duty well performd
Is not a whit in grace.

He makes himſelfe anothers ſlaue,
And feares doe vndergoe,
That vnto one being ignorant
Doth his owne ſecrets ſhow.

On Neptune wrongfull he complaines,
That oft hath beene in danger,
And yet to his deuouring waues
Doth not become a ſtranger.

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Age is an honourable thing,
And yet though yeeres be ſo,
For one wiſe man with hoary haires,
Three dozen fooles I know.

FINIS.